

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

The following extract from the Catholic Sentinel, establishes two important facts—first, that the Sentinel is regarded as "the official organ" of the Roman Catholic, and speaks in "that capacity;" secondly, that "lists of candidates" for clerical office are "transmitted to Rome," and the Roman Catholic Bishops hold their appointments directly from a foreign power.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—For the writer of the communication from New York, signed "An Irish Catholic," we have the highest regard and respect, for we know him to be as noble in heart as he is eminent in education. But circumstances as we are, and regarded in the New England States, as the official organ of the Roman Catholics, it would not comport with that capacity, to intermeddle with the episcopal decisions of the Rev. Dr. Dubois. We perfectly agree, however, in the opinion of our correspondent, that the omission of the name, on the list of candidates transmitted to Rome, by the amiable Bishop, for the consistorial episcopacy of New York, of an ecclesiastic who has efficiently devoted seventeen years to the arduous clerical duties of that city, and whose character and talents rise to the most exalted eminence of estimation, has already caused feelings of surprise and regret in a city where his exemplary and laudable conduct "won the golden opinions" of all who came within the sphere of his acquaintance. Let not our correspondent despair; the College of Cardinals at Rome, eventually set, when appointing a Bishop, upon reason, reflection, and justice.

The College of Cardinals is the Council of the Pope. It fills all vacancies in its own body, and is composed of the creatures of the predominating despots of Europe. We all know when a Cardinal dies, all the Courts of the Holy Alliance are instantly in motion, to secure the election of their respective candidates. This is the body, that, with the Pope at their head, appoint the Roman Bishops in the United States. These Bishops again, as agents of the Pope, and subject to his control, all the property of the Catholic Church in this country—such as churches, burial-grounds, convents, &c. They have the almost, indeed, quite, absolute control of all the priests, and on these priests their poor deluded followers are taught to depend for the forgiveness of their sins, and for direction in all their duties as Christians and citizens. They hold the keys of knowledge, permitting and proscribing what may and what may not be read; and the keys of heaven itself, granting and refusing, as their dupes are taught to believe, admission to its sacred and happy precincts.

Will men hold such power among us, by the appointment of a foreign government? We wish to rouse attention to this subject. We would that we could awaken our countrymen from their apathy, and induce them all, as Christians, as freemen, to look at this threatening evil steadily in the face, that they might, before it is too late, cast off the bonds with which an ambitious priesthood, under the direct control of a Pope in close league with the despots of Europe, have already begun to enchain our beloved countrymen—K.

SOUTH AMERICA. A writer, under date of Caracas, April, 1835, says:—"I am surprised that Christians, in our country, have not taken into view this land, and sent our ministers to preach the word of God here, since Congress, last year, declared all religions free."

How wide a field of Christian enterprise is here opened. Who will fill it? The Church is waiting for a volunteer. Are you unprepared? Then rouse your energies to that strength of determination, and deepen in your soul that spirit of devotion, which shall enable you to sacrifice your time and talents to this work, and you will soon be prepared. Is a knowledge of the Spanish language wanting? There are plenty of teachers here. Shall you want a thorough knowledge of Popery? It is easily obtained; he that runs may read its manifold absurdities and inequities. Are you unable to pay the expenses of educating yourself for this field? There is a Missionary Education Society, established on purpose to remove that difficulty.

But, after all, can you be supported? The Young Men's Methodist Missionary Society, we doubt not, waits but your offer, gladly to pledge itself for your support. Who will go?—E

A QUERY TO THE CONCERNED.—I. What are the Methodist Missionary Societies in this city doing? 2. What is the Methodist Temperance Society doing? 3. How far between life and death is the Boston Wesleyan Lyceum?

We are now merely repeating the questions which we hear almost every week. It is the age of action, brethren. The truth demands our untiring efforts.

THE POWER OF THE CROSS.

Are you an infidel, sir?—Then spread the pinions of your imagination, and with us fly to the ends of the earth, and we will show you facts that shall forever quiet the troublesome demon in your breast. Are you ready? We are off, then.

Let us pause over this interesting group of twain faces. It is the CHEROKEE NATION. Half a century since, the war-whoop rang through the dense forest—the tomahawk was the implement of industry—the squaw was the debased slave of her husband's lust and caprice. God was not in all their thoughts. SELF, SELF, was the only master. Behold the change. That palace upon the banks of the river, is the residence of John Ross, the principal chief in the nation—that beautiful building with its tall spire, situated in that romantic spot, is the village church—that lower building, round which innocent children are frisking in joyful groups, is the school-house—that building at a short distance contains the national press. Against all this should be inscribed the "POWER OF THE CROSS."

Now plume your wings for a flight to the isles of the sea. Beneath our feet are the Rocky Mountains. Ha! what is this group?—Draw near. In that cleft on the brow of the hill sits LEE, teaching the Flatheads the mystery of the gospel. That youth with tear-dimmed eyes, is the first convert. That mother, with her precious infant clasped to her warm bosom, and with the coarse skin wrapped modestly around her, is another. That stern, wrinkled, proud, stately old man, with a single tuft of grey hair, is one of the Blackfeet who have wandered into the tribe, and who will return to his own savage race to tell them the wonderful story. At a short distance you see another gathering. They are children surrounding the devoted SUFFERER, who is laboring to reduce the gutturals of the language, and at the same time to impress upon the green minds around him the truths of Christ.

But away, away, through the blue ether. Now we are over the Pacific. What a world is this!—how crowded with majesty and glory! Behold the pillars of water, at one moment mounting to the heavens, at the next falling like an avalanche of the Alps into the deep ocean. Hallelujah!—let all the earth praise thee, O Lord!

Beneath us are the SANDWICH ISLANDS. Here we will alight, and take breath. Let's introduce ourselves to the venerable gentleman approaching.

"Your servant, sir."

"And yours, gentlemen. I infer that you are strangers?"

"We are. By the help of Providence, we have left our own happy homes and dear associates, to learn the word of the cross in these isles of the waters. May we have your aid in obtaining the acquaintance of the missionaries—especially Mr. BINGHAM."

"I am Mr. Bingham, and should be happy to show the best seat of the cause at your leisure. But walk up my house. You may be disappointed in our accommodations. You have read in English and American pub-

lications of our pianos, Turkey carpets, splendid china ware, etc. Of these, however, we have nothing. We live like missionaries."

Well, when we have refreshed ourselves upon this bread-fruit, and drank of the pure water before us, we will take an exploring tour.

A LAME APOLOGY.—Booth, the actor, it will be remembered, refused to perform at the New Orleans Theatre, because the citizens abused, as he thought his patrons, the gamblers. He has written an explanation of it. The following extract is the most important:—

The phrase used of all gamblers being so persecuted, roused recollection of the many acts of kindness and protection I have invariably met with from GENTLEMEN who suffered under such an imputation, if in reality it be wrong to gamble more than to trade, barter or exchange, for trade is in fact the game of speculation. My life has been saved in a dozen or more instances, by the self-abandonment to save any one in distress, that they have evinced, when many would have shrunk from the danger of risk; and not only mine, but the lives of many others. Before we persecute, we should remember not to judge each other, but to show mercy, for we are all fallible.

We wonder to what extent he has altered the aspect of the matter in the view of the anti-gamblers at the South. But little, we opine.

NATICK, MASS., Oct. 10, 1835.

DEAR BROTHER.—The Lord of the harvest is doing great things for us, whereof we are glad. Mourners are crowding the gates of gospel grace. Our four days meeting, which was last week, gave rise to this gracious work. The meeting was deeply solemn. Our fathers and brethren preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. God's truth found way to the hearts of the people. Three, at least, gave clear evidence of genuine conversion. Last Sabbath was a precious season,—nine were baptized. These, however, were not subjects of the present revival. This week, between twenty and thirty have been brought to rejoice in a sin-forgiving God. The glorious work moves on. Praise the Lord.

P. SABIN.

GREAT FALLS, N. H., Oct. 8, 1835.

MR. EDITOR.—I rejoice to be able to say to our friends through your paper, that the Lord is in this place. A considerable number have of late found the Saviour, and some have been reclaimed.

ELEAZER SMITH.

NEW SALEM, (N. H.) CAMP-MEETING.

BROTHER KINGSBURY.—As I have seen nothing said of the above meeting, in your newspaper, permit me to drop a few lines respecting it. Many circumstances conspired to render the meeting peculiarly interesting. The weather was remarkably pleasant. The grove, where hundreds had assembled for divine worship, whose voices, when raised in prayer and praise, approached celestial melody, was truly picturesque. A number of God's servants were present from the New Hampshire and New England Conferences, who cordially greeted each other, (though many for the first time,) as fellow laborers in cultivating Emmanuel's ground. The preachers seemed, generally, to be in the work, and laboring for the good of souls.

The meeting was conducted with much propriety and exactness, by Rev. J. G. Dow, the Presiding Elder, who, I understand, has presided at the meetings of the kind the present season, much to the acceptance of the people who attended. Nothing but decorum and gentlemanly conduct appeared from those who attended, except, in some instances, where rum took the place of reason. Much good was done. Christians were quickened and comforted, backsliders reclaimed. Many sinners were converted to God. The exact number I am unable to say.

North Malden, Oct. 12, 1835.

SELF-MURDER.—Mark Winslow, the celebrated counterfeiter is dead—killed by his own hand, thus adding one crime to another. About 6 o'clock, Thursday morning, he opened the jugular vein with a razor. The following short, but very pathetic letter, was found in his cell directed to his wife.

"My Dear Wife, (thou best of women) most deeply do I repent, that I (had not lived agreeable to your good and sound advice. If I had, I might now have been enjoying your society, with the rest of my friends. Ah! how I could be hurried on, and unbeknown to you, I cannot conceive; but alas! so it is! I freely forgive all my enemies, as I hope to be forgiven; and I hope we shall meet in another and better world. From your affectionate and loving husband.—Farewell! MARK WINSLOW. W. Thursday Morning, 15th Oct., 1835.

We knew Mark Winslow well; and we confess that we had not the slightest conviction but that he was a sober, industrious, honest man. He was plain in his dress, quiet and unobtrusive in his deportment, attended an evangelical church regularly on the Sabbath. But he has gone! leaving but another proof of the consummate hypocrisy of wickedness.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON DISTRICT AGENT.

To the Stewards, Class-Leaders, Local Preachers, and Exhorters, on the Boston District.

DEAR BROTHERS.—Permit me, through the Herald, to address you on a subject, in which we have a common interest; it is your *punctual and uniform attendance* upon our Quarterly Meeting Conferences. When you consider that these Conferences are not only designed to embrace the specific business, pointed out in that part of the Discipline where particular mention is made of the Quarterly Meeting Conferences, but also an investigation of the "spiritual and temporal business of the Church;" when you also consider that you, my dear brethren, are the proper representatives of the Church, and that the object of the Presiding Elder's quarterly visits is to see you together, and to see you ALL together, that he may have a full and impartial representation of your Church affairs, and an opportunity to know how you, yourselves, are attending to the duties connected with your respective offices; what is your personal religious state, and give you that advice that the occasion may require; when, I say, you think of these things, you must be sensible that it cannot be a subject of trifling or minor importance, either as it regards the time of holding the Quarterly Meeting Conference, whether at a season, as has been too frequently the case, when we are obliged to hurry through our business, and leave it half done, or, as it should be, at a period when we may deliberately and thoroughly attend to every thing connected with the property of our Zion—or respecting your personal, uniform attendance. I am aware, that it will require some sacrifice of time, and, in some seasons of the year, of self ease and temporal interest. But can we expect that the souls of our Jerusalem will go up without sacrifice, and that continual sacrifice? But, perhaps you say, we are already making sacrifices. Well, then, my brethren, let the spirit of sacrifice be manifested on an occasion that so powerfully requires it!

It is the opinion of an eminent and experienced minister of our Conference, that if we ever rise, as a church in New England, it must be under God, by entering into the spirit and design of our Quarterly Meeting Conferences, by making this important branch of our unaccomplished Church Economy, an occasion of unusual interest, and a powerful auxiliary in accomplishing what we believe the Almighty purposed in raising us up as a denomination, viz. "to spread scriptural holiness over the land." And I know this is the sentiment of many, if not all of the most experienced and able ministers in the New Eng-

land Conference. Indeed, when we reflect upon the fact, that the Local Preachers, Exhorters, Stewards, and Class Leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church, are exerting an influence upon the character of our Church, an influence that is incalculable, who is there among us but will subscribe to the opinion expressed above?

I am, dear brethren, with much affection, your companion in the labors of the gospel.

B. OTHEMAN, P. E.

Boston, Oct. 17, 1835.

N. B. The Preachers, on the District, will do great service to the cause that the above communication is intended to promote, by reading it to the persons interested, on some suitable occasion.

Some of our subscribers have complained within a few weeks past that their papers do not arrive as early as formerly. This may be, in part, our fault—if fault there be. We hope however, so far as we are concerned, to obviate this difficulty.

We are pleased with the style and matter of a correspondent of the Christian Witness, who writes from England, giving his observations on what he sees on his journey in that island. The following is an extract:—

OLD ENGLISH VILLAGES.—We have passed many of these, on our way, thus far. They are characteristically different from the modern villages of the country; and as unlike, as can well be conceived, to the neatly arranged, the white painted, green, shady villages of our own New England. An old English village is, mostly, a narrow, crooked street, consisting of irregularly built houses, chiefly one story high, and with deeply pitched roofs, covered, either with red tiles, from Italy, or with thick straw thatch. This thatch, from its matted, and almost consolidated state, generally looks as though it had withstood the storms of a century; and, on the side next the road, is usually pierced with a single window, half of which is below the other half, and above the eaves. The half-way Dorner windows of the village, as the coach whirls through the narrow street, frequently show some three or four ruddy faces with their bright eyes, brought forward by the influence of a curiosity to see the rattling wonder, as it speeds its way between the houses, which, as if to aid as much as possible the curious gazers, have thrust themselves so close upon the road-side, that they almost touch the coach-axes. Near the centre of the village, the street generally expands into a broad, so as to give room for the market-place, when there is one—and for the Inn, which is never wanting. The market-place is, sometimes, an open area; at others, an antique edifice, with its rude columns below, and its projecting gable above; bearing, peradventure, in its niche, a statue of Queen Anne, or of some other popular favorite among the Royalty of England. The Church, meanwhile, the Village Church, unambitious of market-fame, or of cross-roads notoriety, and seeking to withdraw its rustic worshippers, from the gaze of the world into retired communion with Heaven, is generally found in some quiet, perhaps, shady spot, near at hand; marked, by its gray tower, or low spire, or moss-grown, ivy-colored walls, the place where, for ages long ago, by humble men have loved to resort, and to "find rest unto their souls," by "learning of Him who was meek and lowly in heart." How much more appropriate this, than the naked position of the corresponding appendages of many of our New England villages! What a perversion of taste that, which was wont to place our country Churches at the point, where four ways meet, with no other shade upon them than that cast by the bare posts of which, perhaps, were fastened the neighboring steeds of the assembled yeomanry! In one respect, at least, the English villages have a decided superiority over our own. Indeed, in all respects, they are most interesting relics of the days of old;—and irregular, narrow-streeted as they are, the hand would be barbarous that should touch a tile, or a thatch, on any of their roofs.

A COSTLY GOVERNMENT.—The expenditures of the Government of Great Britain, are about fifty-four million pounds per year, or two hundred and thirty nine millions, seven hundred and sixty thousand dollars!

It is stated in Goodrich's Universal Geography, that £256,555, or \$1,583,104 of this sum is expended in the way of sinecures. These are offices with salaries, but without employment. They consist in the first place, of employments fallen into disuse; as the Chief Justices in Eyre, who enjoy salaries of £4,556, or \$20,274; the Vice Admiral of Scotland; the Keeper of the Privy Seals of Scotland; Chancellor and Justice General of Scotland; the Keeper of the Signet in Ireland; all of which have salaries of £1500 to £5,000, or \$6,660 to \$22,200. The master of the hawks in the royal household, has £1500, or \$6,660.

In the second place, are the offices, with salaries vastly disproportionate to the employments, and in which the duties are wholly discharged by deputies. Some of these exceed £10,000 or \$44,000. Some are nominal duties of a menial nature. A right honorable lady, a Baroness, has held the office of *sneeper* of the Mall in the Park. Noble lords hold the offices of *wine-tasters*, *store-keepers*, *packers*, *crumers*, &c.

The national debt is £804,860,188 sterling, equal to 3,373,579,234 dollars!! Three-fifths of the current yearly expenditures are taken up in the payment of the interest of the national debt.—A.

"SHOEMAKER! SHOEMAKER! WORK BY NIGHT, AND RUN ABOUT BY DAY."—Christian Politicians.

—We believe it to be the duty of every man, let his occupation or profession be what it may, to read, think, and if he is qualified, to vote. But the angry discussions and electioneering intrigues in which some Christians engage, are a sore wound to the cause of religion, and deeply injurious to the spiritual-mindedness of those who engage in them. An incident occurred in the life of Rev. Samuel Drew, relative to this subject, which is worth repeating. It is as follows.—

When I began business I was a great politician. My master's shop had been a chosen place for political discussion; and there, I suppose, I acquired my fondness for such debates. For the first year I had too much to do and to think about, to indulge my propensity for politics; but after getting ahead in the world, I began to dip into these matters again. Very soon, I entered as deeply into newspaper argument as if my livelihood depended on it; my shop was often filled with loungers, who came to canvass public measures; and now and then I went into my neighbors' houses on a similar errand. This encroached on my time; and I found it necessary sometimes to work till midnight, to make up the hours I lost. One night, after my shutters were closed, and I was busily employed, some little urchin who was passing the street, put his mouth to the key-hole of the door, and with a shrill pipe, called out, "Shoemaker! shoemaker! work by night, and run about by day!"—"And did you?" inquired the friend, "pursue the boy with your stirrup, to chastise him for his insolence?"—"No, no," replied Mr. Drew. "Had a pistol been fired off in my ear, I could not have been more dismayed or confounded. I dropped my work, saying to myself, 'True, true! but you shall never have that to say of me again! I have never forgotten it, and while I recollect any thing I never shall. To me it was the voice of God, and it has been a word in season throughout my life. I learned from it, not to leave till to-morrow the work of to-day, or to idle when I ought to be working. From that time, I turned over a new leaf. I ceased to venture on the restless sea of politics, or to trouble myself about matters which did not concern me. The bliss of ignorance on political topics I often experienced in after life; the folly of being wise my early history shows.'"

SLAVERY—POPEY.

An excellent brother, who has ever manifested a kind zeal for the prosperity of the Herald, sends us several discontinuances, and thus writes:—

I should have been glad if I could have had the pleasure of sending you ten or a dozen new subscribers, in-

stead of sending you these discontinuances; but I have labored in vain. Some say there is too much SLAVERY, others too much POPEY; but the truth is, it is because they love their money better than knowledge!

We wish it to be distinctly understood, that a majority of the Association are not abolitionists. But they keep its columns open to the discussion of the subject of slavery, because a majority of the New England Conference, whose organ it is, are abolitionists. The paper was not established, of course, to be the exclusive organ of the minority, however respectable that minority may be, upon any subject. Admitting, then, for argument's sake, that this majority is wrong, should we be made to suffer? Is not the old principle, in either a political or ecclesiastical republic, yet good,—the majority should rule? But enough of this. We should not have written a word upon this point, were it not that we have received several discontinuances because the subject is admitted into our columns.

With reference to POPEY, our only regret is, that the size of the Herald will not allow us to publish more than we ordinarily do. When we commenced the discussion, the nation were in a comparatively death-like apathy. Popery was not understood by the great mass. Papists were considered a persecuted class. If we should ever have been advised to stop, it should have been then. Our life—our prosperity—our reputation were in danger, surrounded, as we were, by thousands of ignorant, vicious Catholics, under the absolute control of a miserable, bloody Priesthood. But how is it now? The nation is waking up, and shaking itself, like a lion rising from its lair, and soon the victory will be won. And shall we stop? NEVER—long as we have an ink-horn filled, and a quill to drive—and may Heaven help the right!

The Boston Post acknowledges the receipt of ten dollars, from the Wandering Piper, for the benefit of the sufferers by the late fire at Charlestown.—N. H. Arg.

When is this generous "unknown" going to tell the world who he is? Our Yankee curiosity can't wait much longer. It will be a gone case with the Piper, if we begin to guess.

"THE THIRD ROW."

This used to be the place especially appropriated by the manager of the Tremont Theatre to lewd characters of both sexes. The place was supposed to have been cleansed of the abomination, by the recent determination of the proprietors to connect the Third Row with the boxes—how effectually let the junior Editor of the Galaxy say. We rejoice in every step made towards morality, and therefore are happy to observe that the Editor referred to is raising a most lusty outcry at the abominations of the Theatre. Out upon them, Mr. Harrington—out upon them. Lash crime, and its apologists with whips of scorpions.

Another word—concerning "moral reform" in the Theatre. The "Third Row" has been connected with the boxes—the same price is charged for tickets, and the entrance is the same. Tickets are sold to it as to the boxes; yes, to our most respectable citizens, who, with their families, have gone up there, witnessed the degradation of the place, and, in honest anger, returned their tickets. They will not patronize the Theatre again. What was to be supposed from the change? Why, that the degraded creatures, who formerly congregated there, were to be excluded; and all applauded the manager, and extolled his reformation to the skies. Ardent spirits had been, before, abolished, and this was the only remaining blot upon the Theatre. For some nights no audience, the degraded creatures, who formerly congregated there, were to be excluded; and all applauded the manager, and extolled his reformation to the skies. 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